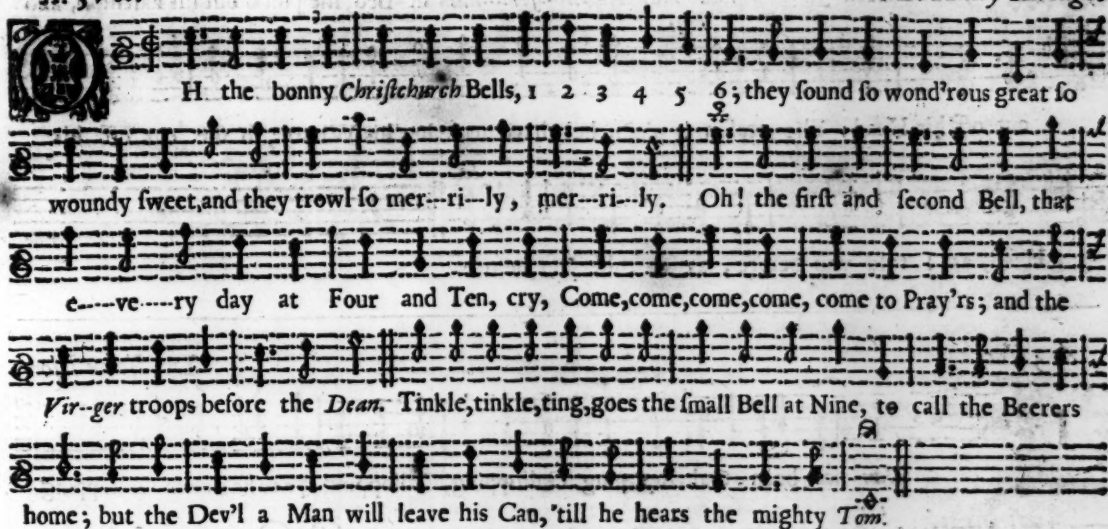


An Additional Sheet to the Book entituled, The Musical Companion.

A. 3 Voc.

Mr. Henry Abidge.



H. the bonny *Christchurch* Bells, 1 2 3 4 5 6; they sound so wond'rous great so
woundy sweet, and they trowl so mer--ri--ly, mer--ri--ly. Oh! the first and second Bell, that
e---ve---ry day at Four and Ten, cry, Come, come, come, come, come to Pray'rs; and the
Vir-ger troops before the *Dean*. Tinkle, tinkle, ting, goes the small Bell at Nine, to call the Beerers
home; but the Dev'l a Man will leave his Can, 'till he hears the mighty *Tom*.

Another to the same TUNE.

<p>H Ark, the merry <i>Tinker's</i> crew, <i>Nell, Doll, Moll, Kate, & Sue</i>; They swig such wond'rous Ale, So woundy stale; And they Chat so merrily, merrily. Hark, the bawling Brats do cry Along the Streets, as you pass by,</p>	<p>Oh, good Sir, pray Sir, one Farthing; And thus the Bantlins never lin. (<i>Doxies</i> home; Tink, tink, tink, tink, tink, goes the Frying-pan, to call the But she Dev'l a Jade Will leave her Trade, 'Till the mighty <i>Tinker</i> comes.</p>
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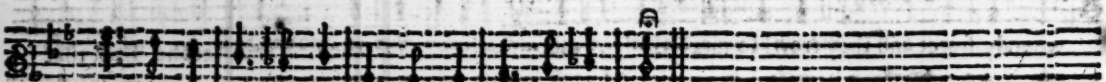
A. 3 Voc.

[2]

Dr. John Blow.



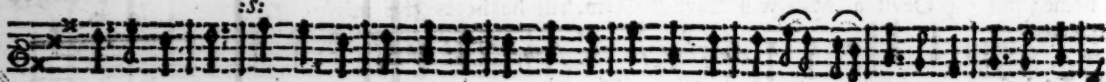
cut off his Head: The reason is plain, he'd have made her his Whore; so she cut off his



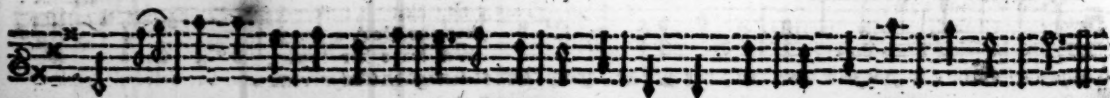
Head, as I told you before, as I told you before.

A. 3 Voc.

Dr. John Blow.



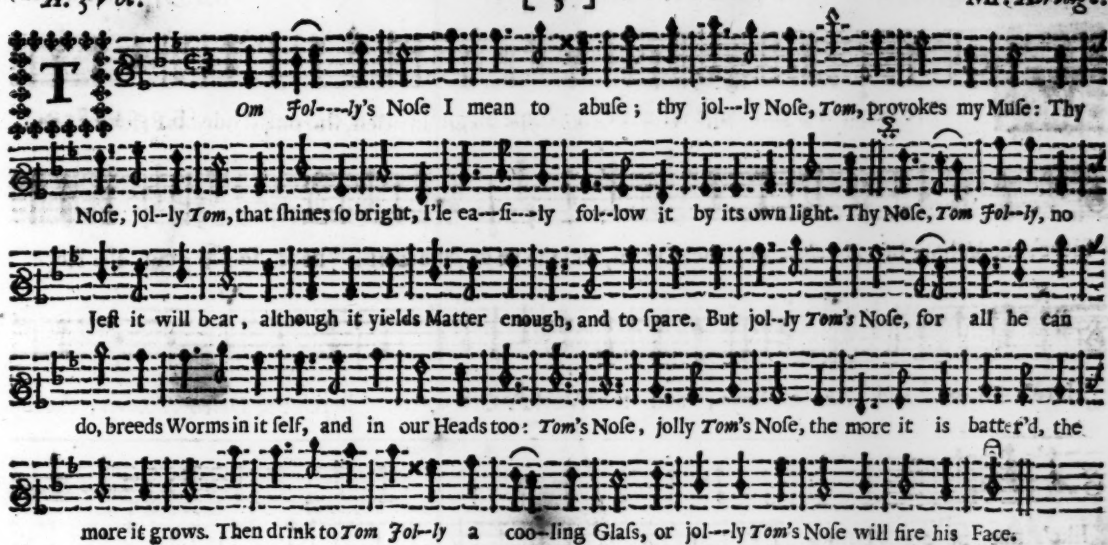
all the Town o're, 'till her Bumfiddle, Bumfiddle, Bumfiddle, that 'till her Bumfiddle was wondrous



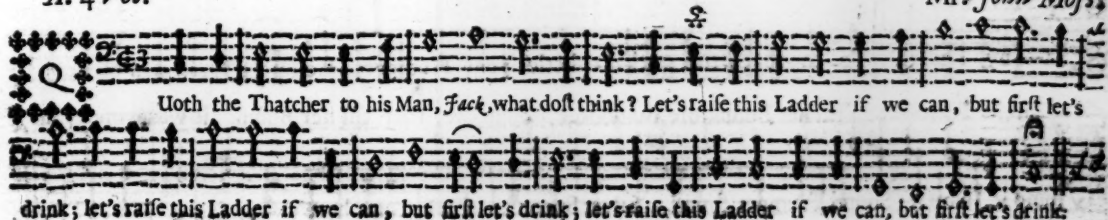
fore; without e're a Sad-dle upon her old Jade, to fetch her good Man from the Alehouse Trade.

A. 3 *Voc.*

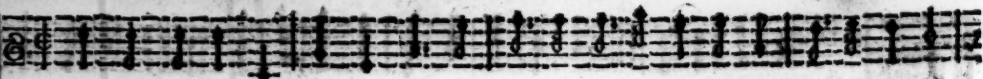
[3]

Mr. *Albridge.*


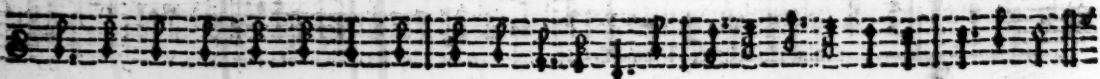
T *Om Fol---ly's Nose* I mean to abuse ; thy jol--ly Nose, *Tom*, provokes my Muse: Thy
Nose, jol--ly *Tom*, that shines so bright, I'll ea--si--ly fol-low it by its own light. Thy Nose, *Tom Fol--ly*, no
Jest it will bear, although it yields Matter enough, and to spare. But jol--ly *Tom's Nose*, for all he can
do, breeds Worms in it self, and in our Heads too: *Tom's Nose*, jolly *Tom's Nose*, the more it is batter'd, the
more it grows. Then drink to *Tom Fol--ly* a coo--ling Glas, or jol--ly *Tom's Nose* will fire his Face.

A. 4 *Voc.*Mr. *John Moss.*


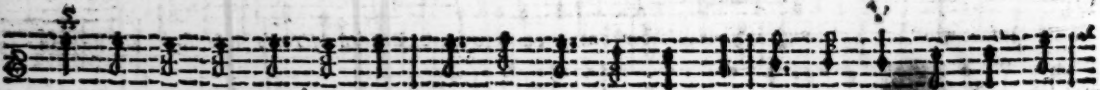
Uoth the Thatcher to his Man, *Jack*, what dost think? Let's raise this Ladder if we can, but first let's
drink; let's raise this Ladder if we can, but first let's drink; let's raise this Ladder if we can, but first let's drink.



Ere's that will challenge all the Fair; come buy my Nuts and Damsons, my Burgamy Pears:



Here's the Whore of *Ba-by-lon*, the De-vil, and the Pope; the Girl is just a go-ing on the Rope.



Here's *Di-ves*, and *La--za--rus*, and the World's Cre--a--tion; here's the *Dutch* Woman, the



like's not in the Nation: Here is the Booth where the tall *Dutch* Maid is; here are Bears that Dance like



a--ny Ladies. To-to-to-to-tot, goes the little peny Trumpèt; here's your *Jacob Hall* that can



Jump it, Jump it; Sound Trumpet, sound, a Silver Spoon and Fork; come here's your dainty Pig and Fork.

A. 3 Voc.

A Catch sung at the [3] Lord Admiral's Feast.

Mr. G. H.



Come let us drink; and ne-ver think, for Care kills a Cat; but Wine makes us Fat. Here's a

8.



Health to the No-ble Commanders within; our Ad-mi-ral's Friends, who will part with their Skin for



Loy-al-ty and Honour; whose worth we sing, to clear up our Throats for a Health to the King.

A. 3 Voc.

A Catch.

Mr. G. H.

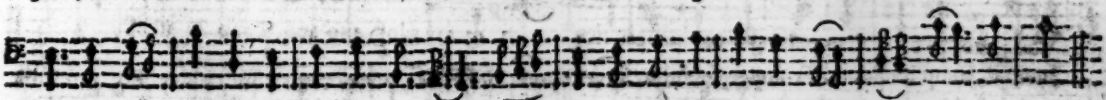


Ow hap-pi-ly met, let's cast a-way Care, and each Man un-to Mirth himself pre-

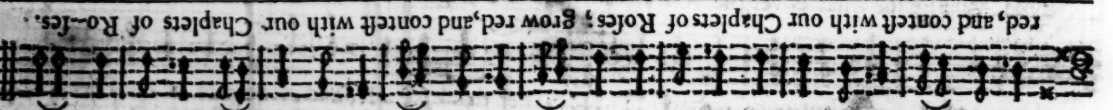
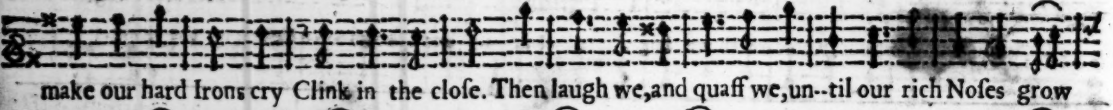
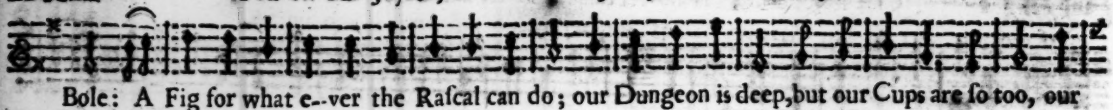
8.



pare; let all that are Plotters be kick'd like a Ball, and tum-bling down, break their Necks in the fall; While



we who are Loy-al do pray for our King, That long he may Reign, in Peace and Plen-ty, let's sing.



A Glee for 3 Voc. *Cantus Secundus.* *Mr. John Jackson.*

Pox on our Jaylor, and on his fat Jole; there's Liberty lies in the bottom o'th'

Bole: A Fig for what e-ver the Rascal can do; our Dungeon is deep, but our Cups are so too, our

A Glee for 3 Voc. *Bassus.* *Mr. John Jackson.*

Pox on our Jaylor, and on his fat Jole; there's Liberty lies in the bottom o'th'

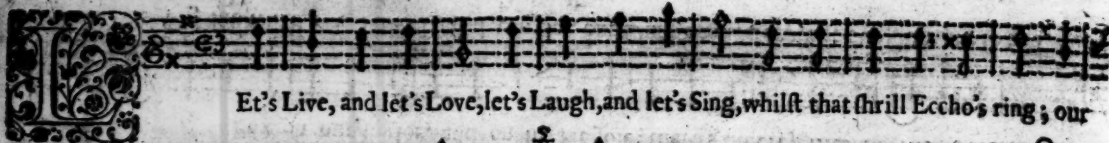
Bole: A Fig for what e-ver the Rascal can do; our Dungeon is deep, but our Cups are so too, our

Dungeon is deep, but our Cups are so too. Then drink we a Round in despite of our Foes, and

make our hard Irons cry Clink in the close. Then laugh we, and quaff we, until our rich Noses grow

Red, and contest with our Chaplets of Roses; grow Red, and contest with our Chaplets of Ro-ses.

A Glee for 3 Voc. Cantus Primus. [8]



Et's Live, and let's Love, let's Laugh, and let's Sing, whilst that shrill Eccho's ring; our



Humours a--gree, from Cares we are free, and none are more happy, more happy, than we.

Humours a--gree, from Cares we are free, and none are more happy, more happy, than we.



Et's Live, and let's Love, let's Laugh, and let's Sing, whilst that shrill Eccho's ring; our

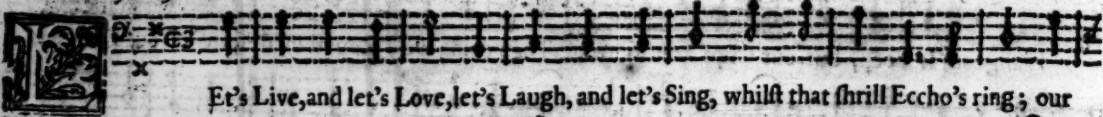


Cantus Secundus.

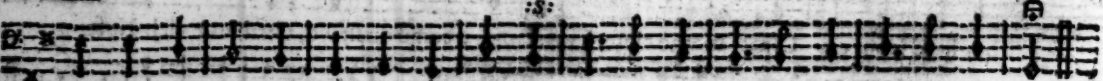
A Glee for 3 Voc.

A Glee for 3 Voc.

Bassus.



Et's Live, and let's Love, let's Laugh, and let's Sing, whilst that shrill Eccho's ring; our



Humours a--gree, from Cares we are free, and none are more happy, more happy, than we.

F I N I S.

